A Taste of the grog

The favorite Sea Song Sung by

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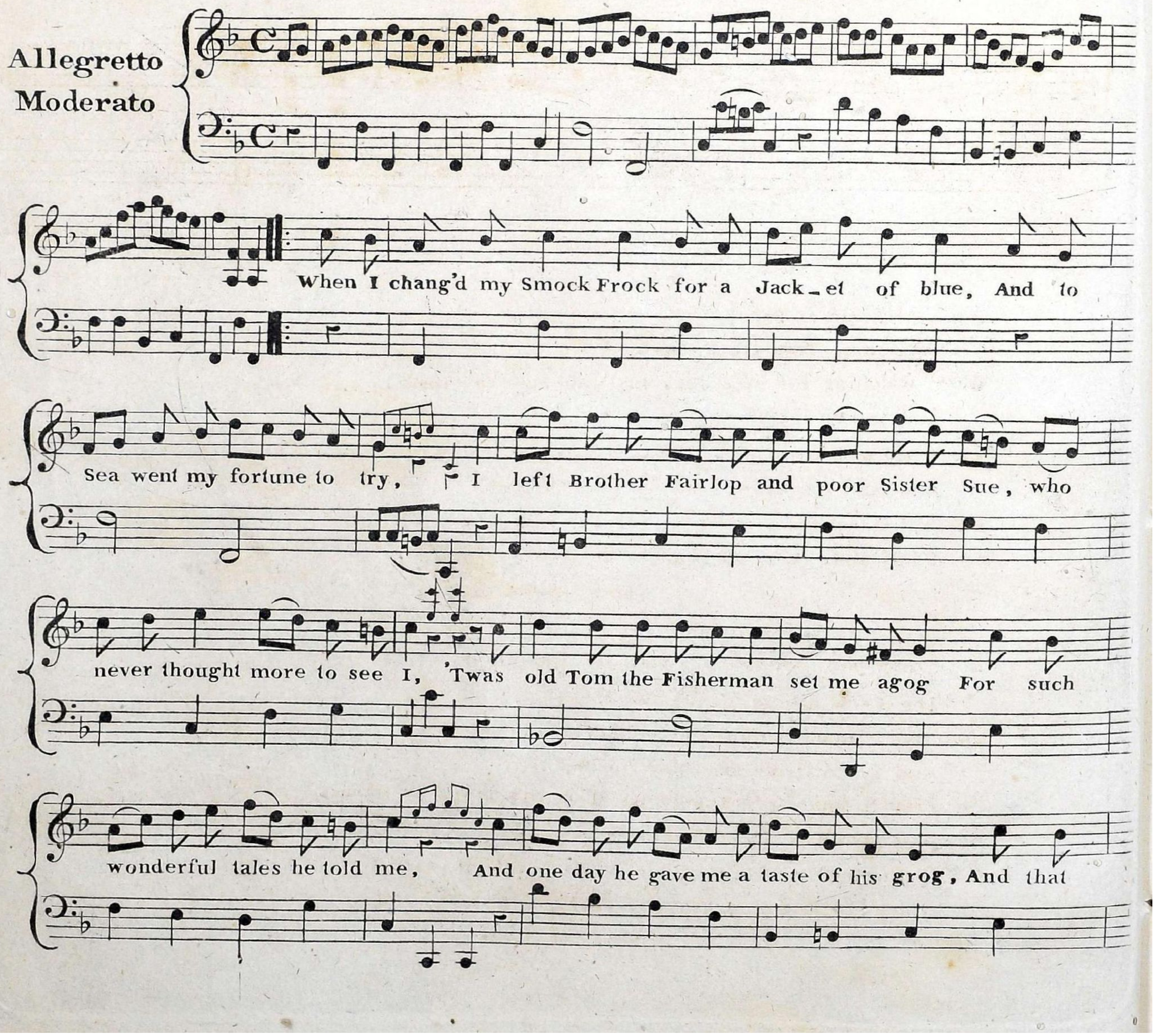

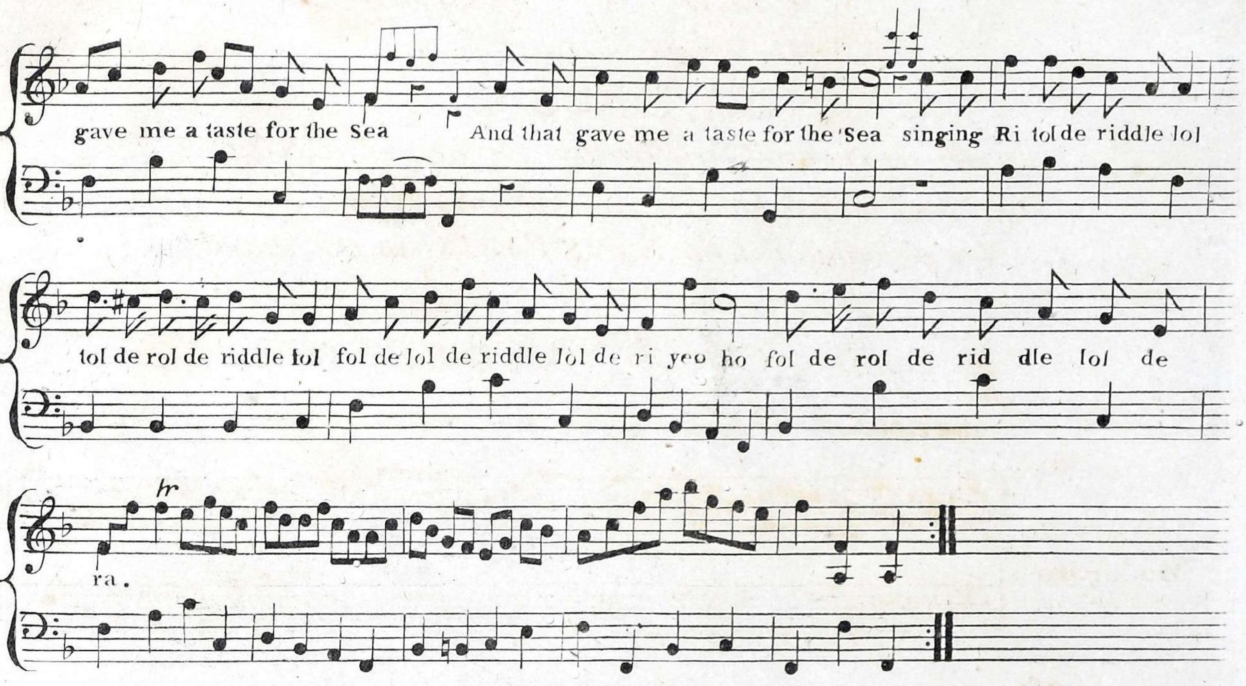

2

But scarce out at Sea I began to repent,
And curse Tom the Fisherman's lies;
With watching for Monsters my patience was spent,
And for Bird kind of Fishes that flies,
'Twas his Mermaids and Gold dust that set me agog,
And sent me from home with such glee,
But had it not been for my taste for the grog,
I had soon lost all taste for the Sea.

Sing Ri tol &c.

3

But some how when once you set foot in a Ship,
The Crew are so jovial and free;
You like it much better and better each trip,
And get a true taste for the Sea:
The French Spaniards Dutchmen I've oft help'd to thrash,
And prov'd a most fortunate Dog;
I've to England return'd with my Chest full of cash,
Which I'll spend with Friends Fiddles and Grog.

Sing Ri tol &c.